

# THE RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

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D. J. BUTTS AND H. N. GREENE, EDITORS, HOPEDALE, MILFORD, MASS.

## THE PHILANTHROPIST.

### Love's Labor never Lost.

It came at last—what the old people had prophesied—that the school-boy had looked for with impatient longings—what the houseless and homeless had anticipated with fearful anxiety—the snow-storm.

And a storm it was; none of your light, lazy affairs, that merely sprinkle the earth with sleepy flakes; but a regular, old fashioned snow-storm. It wove dainty counterpanes for violet-beds in the deep old woods, powdered the heads of the tall forest trees that tossed their naked arms in the wintry blast, and wrapped alike the graves of the rich and poor in mantles of dazzling whiteness.

Very impartial were these snowy flakes, as they came dancing down through the thin air, fringing alike the broadcloth coat of the Millionaire, and the ragged garments of the houseless child of want.

The busy streets of the Metropolis were crowded to excess—all hurrying to and fro, anxious to seek shelter from the pitiless storm. Among the moving throng was one—a young man, on whose countenance the dark passions of the soul were vividly depicted. He walked hastily, yet carelessly, as if unconcerned about his future. At length in a voice of bitterness he exclaimed,—

"It matters little, now, what becomes of me; I might as well perish in the storm. And were it not for that sister of mine, I would end a life which has all the bitterness of the wormwood and the gall. I have become fearfully wedded to my evil habits; I am now estranged from the virtuous and the good, and whatever of manhood is left in my soul, is continually exasperated by the finger of scorn which is pointed at me by those whom the world calls great, and who know well how to mete out punishment to the guilty who may have been made so by circumstances. I once occupied a position

as high as those who now scorn me; but I have been compelled to do things which I knew were dragging my soul down to misery and death. What am I now? A degraded outcast!"

Philip Hardon wandered far "up Town," hardly knowing or caring whether his footsteps led him

In a little cottage, just on the outskirts of the great city, were weary eyes looking out upon the thickly falling snow. Deep anxiety sat upon the features of the young and beautiful watcher. Many a time was the street door opened, and as hurriedly closed, as the falling snow came drifting into the room, causing the fair occupant to shudder anew as she thought of the absent.

"Where is he? Why don't he come?" were words which often escaped the lips of the lonely girl. Hours passed by and yet he came not. Suspense and anxiety could be borne no longer. Wrapping a heavy cloak about her slender form, the faithful watcher went out into the raging storm in search of one whom she loved. Oh love! thou all absorbing sentiment, what wilt thou not do for thy dearest objects?

Let us return to the youthful pilgrim—the unfortunate Philip Hardon. He had, in his wild thoughts, resolved to return no more to that friend whom in his heart he knew loved him well. No longer should she be disgraced by him. I will perish in the storm and meet my fate with calmness—nay, even sternness.

At that moment, one of his companions in evil met him, and drawing Philip's arm through his exclaimed:

"I am glad to see you, Phil; come, let's go in yonder and get something to drink. A fellow needs something to warm him up on such a day as this."

"No!" said Philip, "I do not intend to drink any more!"

"What! going to join the Tee-Total Society, ha!" exclaimed his companion.

"I am going to join the society of the dead," solemnly replied Philip.

A coarse jest and laugh was all the reply his companion

— TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM. —

ion made, as they neared the place, which we shall name *Hades*. Philip suffered himself to be led along till in view of the *Pit*. Then he halted, but too late; for his eye had caught a glimpse of the sparkling liquors, which were there temptingly displayed. But the angel was near him. Twice had the glass been raised to his lips, and again, the third time, was the hand extended for more, when a voice was heard saying,

"Philip, beware!"

Had a thunder-bolt fallen from the skies, the reckless company there assembled could not have been more startled. The next moment a youthful form was bending over the half bewildered Philip Hardon. A gentle voice was heard whispering in angel tones, "Brother, come, let us go home."

"Home?" said the half senseless youth, "my home is with demons."

"Hush!" all will yet be well," and the voice of the youthful deliverer died away in softest cadence in that dim lighted apartment—that apartment of living death.

As the young girl and the half intoxicated Philip Hardon left the place, where many a youth had been transformed into a demon, murmurs of low voices were heard in all directions. At first, oaths broke the silence; then came the words, "What a coward! to be led off by a young girl." Then, as though a stray note from the heavenly spheres had touched their hearts, tears were seen glistening in the eyes of those who had seldom wept.

Oh, we are glad that angel whispers are sometimes heard in the haunts of vice; that the ministers of love and mercy visit the spirits in prison, and in a still small voice speak to the votaries who revel there, of virtue, home and heaven.

Tenderly, as the mother folds her weary child to her maternal bosom, did Etta Hardon lead her wayward brother to their cottage home. The half intoxicated youth was upheld and sustained by the strong arm of a gentle sister—strong in affection, and enduring as the love of heaven. What matters, if the snow comes driving over hill, and through valley? What if the limbs are almost stiffened with the cold, and the physical strength of the faithful sister is almost gone? The vital currents of enduring love warm up the soul as she sees that they are approaching the dear old cottage. The door is at last reached. The once noble and gifted Philip Hardon is laid upon a sofa in a state of bewildered intoxication. The beautiful and accomplished Etta, the admired sister, is there also. At midnight's mystic hour we find the patient watcher bathing the fevered brow of the wanderer. No reproachful word is spoken; but the warm kiss of love brings

the young man back to consciousness. He opens his eyes—glances wildly around the dimly lighted room and nervously asks, "Where am I?"

"In our own home, dear brother. The night wind and storm cannot reach us. We are safe." The young man closes his eyes, and tears are seen pressing their way through the closed eyelids. Beside the lowly couch the sister bends in prayer, and invokes the divine Father to reclaim and bless her erring brother. Admiring angels look upon the kneeling form and whisper, "LOVE'S LABOR NEVER LOST."

The next morning the brother and sister met at the breakfast table. The effects of the last night's scene had left fearful marks upon the features of Philip Hardon. There was a determined look upon his countenance which started his anxious sister. At last, the brother broke the silence.

"Etta, I am going away—going where the maelstrom of death will no more engulf me in its awful chasm. I am going where there is room to stand erect—where the air circulates freely—where God's face is not veiled in dark clouds of mystery, trade, superstition and theology. Our parents sleep in the churchyard. Perhaps my mother has seen her wretched son wandering up and down the streets of this great city. My father—he was hard, cold, reserved and stoical. Instead of teaching me love, goodness and truth, he taught me the art of trade and selfish monopoly. He became wealthy; but how? I will not pain your sensibilities by repeating now. When he failed, cheating and wronging the honest laborer, I resorted to the gaming table, and from that hour I have gone down, down, step by step. I cannot be saved here; for demons are all about me, tempting me to evil. This beautiful cottage is yours; given you by our mother. Thank God that this was secured. Your musical talents will support you well when you are taxed no more because of my follies. Besides, Walter Dudley will gladly provide for you; he thinks and thinks truly, that I am a disgrace to both of you. Sister, I shall ever remember you who have been my guardian angel. But for you I should have been an inmate of some loathsome dungeon—arraigned before God and man as a shedder of human blood."

The devoted sister wound her arms tenderly around her brother's neck. "Brother, God has heard my prayer; you are yourself once more. But wherever you go I shall go also—"

"But you forget Walter Dudley!"

"No, brother, I have not forgotten him;—but you need rest; go to your room; this afternoon we will converse still further upon our future course."

But Walter Dudley—what of him? In the music-

room he had stationed himself at an early hour. Etta had looked for his coming, therefore was desirous of securing her brother's absence. With trembling steps she advanced to meet her betrothed.

There was an unusual coldness in Walter's manner, as he arose to meet Etta, whom he asked to be seated.

"Etta, will you promise me that you will never make yourself appear so ridiculous again as you did last night?"

"I promise," said Etta.

"That's a good girl; I thought that you would not so disgrace yourself."

"I am not conscious of having disgraced myself," calmly replied Etta.

"I refer to your going out in the storm in pursuit of that miserable brother of yours."

"Stop! Walter, no more of this. I have heard all I can bear. Our past has been marked by lights and shadows; our future, God only knows."

"What mean you, Etta?"

"That henceforth our paths are to be divided."

"Etta, are you beside yourself? I ask an explanation."

"No explanation is needed. I had hoped to have lived for you and Philip; but this privilege is denied me. My brother has fallen. I, by the help of heaven, will be his savior. You are strong in virtue, yet you despise the erring; you will not lift your voice except in condemnation of the unfortunate. Therefore we must part. I cannot be shaken in my purpose; stern realities are before me; the time for action has come."

All the pride in Walter Dudley's nature was aroused. He arose hastily, and without casting a look at Etta—without a word, even a good bye, left the house.

In the deep and silent chambers of the heart did Etta Hardon strive to bury the memory of one she had fondly loved. Ah! Walter, thou didst cast from thy heart a gem of priceless worth, when thou didst strive to tear from thy memory one, whose only offence, was unchanging love for an erring brother.

On the broad Western Prairie we leave the faithful sister and her brother, who have bravely overcome all outward obstacles, and secured to themselves a rural home. No proud city mansion can boast of what their cottage home possesses—namely—true, unselfish love. Philip Hardon has become the "star" of the surrounding country; the old and the young reverence him for his integrity and talents, while many are the admirers of the gentle Etta. Report says that Walter Dudley has lately had an attack of the "Western Fever," and that his physician recommends him to locate westward. Probably he will follow the sage Doctor's advice.

Ye who read this little sketch, remember that LOVE'S LABOR IS NEVER LOST.

H. N. G.

W. A. G. C.'s Poem will appear in next No.

## To the Editors.

By PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

### The Author Artist.

Go on! go on! thou twain, and fight

The wrong where'er it be;

Speak out! speak out! and let the light  
Shine forth more brilliantly.

Lift up! lift up! the lowly ones,

Who look through tears and sighs;

Give light! give light! to misery's sons,  
To lead them 'yond the skies.

Tell them—tell them—there is no sin

But perversion of the good,—

Write out! write out the God within;

The soul forever hath stood.

Send joy! send joy forevermore

To those who live in sadness;

Ask love of those who've gone before,

To fill the earth with gladness!

Write words, write words that ever burn

On altars pure—eternal;—

Hurl down! hurl down the useless urn,

Reared high by powers infernal.

Think rare! think rare! for then the light

Will give both strength and Power,—

Act out! act out thy inner sight,

For life is but an hour.

Do good! do good with right good will,

To all who need our pity;

Send out! send out the Voice that's still,

To country, town, or city.

Light up! light up the darkened mind,

And make it shine with beauty;

Cheer on! cheer on, with words so kind,

The erring ones to duty.

Hope yet! hope yet! for angel bands

Are speaking words of gladness;

Love on! love on, with clasped hands,—

They drive away all sadness.

Draw near! draw near—all good and true—

In holy, pure communion;

We'll pledge! we'll pledge—both I and you—

To live a Reformer's Union.

Amid and above all contentions is heard the voice of the Harmonical Philosophy. From afar it comes with the voice of song. How musical are its divine harmonies! "Like a gush of sweet sounds from a golden land," for whose regenerating waters the world has been forever faint. From distant stars it comes diffusing animation and beau'y everywhere, like the morning light. It sounds like the gospel of true religion—more solemn than the last murmur of the storm-blast among the hills; than the sighing of the low winds among the grasses upon the ocean shore.—A. J. Davis.

He . . . began to wash his disciples' feet . . . I set you an example.—JESU.

## Radical Spiritualist.

Printed Monthly, at Hopedale, Milford, Mass., for the OUTCAST, to whom it is offered FREE; not because we are Rich—since all beyond an economic subsistence we cast “upon the waters”—but because we would “set an example,” and ask help only in helping others. All “material aid” we devote—sacredly—to the CAUSE.

TERMS—To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year, in Advance. Lecturers, and all interested persons, are authorized to act as Agents, to whom will be furnished, for Clubs: 5 copies for \$2, 10 for \$3, and 20 for \$5, or half the subscription price.

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### From Meadville Again.

We publish the following letter from our faithful critic, not because it has any force on the REAL question of debate between Spiritualists and their opponents, but because we wish to let him speak for himself. What his grandfather believed is no more to us, or any rational Spiritualist, as *proof* of angel guardianship, than to him; but when INTELLIGENT ANSWERS to questions are given, by what purports to be Spirits, what chance is there for speculation? None at all. The FACT is not altered by circuitous logic. If we accord intelligence to the questioner, how do we refuse it to the answerer? We cannot, if we would. Our reasoning is forestalled, as much as when we receive a communication from a spirit who calls himself Hiram A. Reid. We might be deceived in regard to his name, or whereabouts, but we know that he is a PERSON, and that is sufficient for us, so far as settling the FACT of the communication. All communications have authors; and if the author be not in the body, he or she must, of course, be out of it, or in the spirit realm.

We are not particularly committed to defend Spiritualists; but we do not think them “just as much a sect” as any other class, or quite as much under the “arbitrary dictation” of leaders; the flock is too widely scattered.

We know the Unitarians of Boston have done well for the poor and unfortunate of that city, as compared with more liberal sects. But do they make this work Number One? Are there not certain doctrines which should be vindicated before humanity? Would it be no *condescension* in their rich societies to invite the lame, halt, prostitute and colored, into their Lord’s supper?

We do not say that the Meadville Institution should have acted against any honest rule or principle; only that it should not encourage its students to advocate anti-slavery sentiments which they may not *practice*. The class were authorized to invite whom they pleased, and who believes that had they pleased to invite a white

man of fair abilities, the inviting power would have been taken from them and lodged with the Faculty even until this day?

We will say to our correspondent, that we should not have printed his former criticisms had it not seemed evident that he thought he was doing us a summary justice which we would shrink from publishing, and also, that in our reply we could present our stand-points on the questions of Individual Sovereignty, Slavery, Woman’s Rights and the Infallibility of Spirits, in a few words. He will excuse us for insisting on the right to print, edit, publish and read our paper in our own way. With a single exception, we do not write for ANYBODY. As for any popular theological school, we should be mortified to learn that we had written a word which it would approve. Yet we are going to have an AUDIENCE, both in and out of the body—an audience who are freed or being freed, body and soul, from every phase of slavery, and whose manhood and womanhood can be more easily scoffed at than imitated.

We are not displeased with the boldness and directness of our friend’s speech, and have written his name on our “list of friends.” We hope his prayer for communion with his “beloved mother” will be answered.

DIVINITY HALL, MEADVILLE, PA., MAY 28, ‘69.

Mrs. and Mr. Editor: In Number Two of your paper I find myself needlessly and in a false light dragged before your readers (if you have any), by the publication of detached shreds and bits of a private letter, written in answer to a private letter. Now, friends, let us reason together.

Fifty years ago my mother’s father was a subject of what is now known as spiritual phenomena; he was a Baptist preacher, and often followed the direction of these influences, contrary to his previous judgment; he believed the influence to be that of guardian angels, but that is no proof to me that such was the fact, any more than his other peculiar beliefs are proof of their correctness. In 1863 I attended the great Spiritualistic Convention on the 4th of July, at Cleveland, Ohio, and from that time to this have steadily investigated Spiritualism. I always wished it might be true, and God only knows how I have yearned and prayed that, if it were possible, I might enjoy a conscious communion with the spirit of my beloved mother. I have sat in Spiritualists’ circles, attended their lectures, and read their books and newspapers, at every opportunity, and shall doubtless do so still; but I never got so excited as to lose my calmest judgment. As for books against Spiritualism, I think Rev. Charles Beecher argues altogether in its favor; I think Rev. Hiram Matteson’s work is beneath even contempt; I think President Mahan proves altogether too much, for himself at least;—to my mind, every argument which he uses against Spiritualism can be immediately turned against his views of Christianity; I think Dr. J. B. Dods plunged rashly beyond his depth, and left himself no alternative but Spiritualism or Atheism; I think all those Bibliolaters who have disapproved (?) Spiritualism from the Bible, have shot wide of the mark. Of course these are only my *views* of the matter, given for what they are worth. If I ever arrive

at Spiritualism, I calculate to *know* every inch of the road, and not be constantly retracting or modifying.

Spiritualists constitute a sect just as much as any other class of religionists; they have their peculiar newspapers, their books, their Conventions, their Schools, their public speakers, their weekly gatherings, all turning upon the central point of a faith in the reality of a direct, personal spirit-influence. The Methodists have every one of these, but their *central point* happens to be something else; so have the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and all the rest. Spiritualists are not one whit freer from arbitrary dictation of belief by their leading men, than are Unitarians. And I, as a Liberal Christian, feel just the same brotherly good will towards Spiritualists that I do towards any other persuasion. Good, spiritual-minded, truly Christian people are to be found in all denominations, and had one, too. In nearly every Universalist or Unitarian congregation there are some individuals who believe in spirit-communion; and I have known such believers in the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, and the Methodist connection. And are we all uncharitable, or bigoted, or superstitious, or afraid of public opinion, who happen to differ from them on this point? Well, enough; you know better.

We gladly pick up any new facts in the science of mind which the spiritual phenomena may develop. We do not differ with you as to the reality of these phenomena, but as to their remote cause or causes, and as to the conclusions to be deduced from them. We would use this knowledge for good, just as we would use all that we deem good in phrenology, Mesmerism, and all the other theories and practices which relate to man's intelligent principle; and go on learning, praying earnestly for more light as a means of greater usefulness in blessing our fellow men.

The Unitarians of Boston have for years carried on large, liberal and efficient enterprises for the benefit of harlots, inebriates, outcasts, unfortunates of every description, and also for the virtuous poor—enterprises practically quite equal to your *radical* theory; and I have occasion to know that some of their most eminent and scholarly clergy, and women too, do with their own hands assist in executing these charities, visiting most offensive places for that purpose.

You speak disparagingly of this Institution, as though it ought to have gratified your whim by having a colored man deliver the annual discourse. This School was founded and is supported for a specific purpose, and no one has any right to seek to use it for any other purpose. I have no right to use *your means* for my ends. Those who dissent from the plan of this or any other institution, have no rightful claim upon its special benefits. The special object of this School is to give devout men a thorough classical education in Theology, with a view to the Christian (\*) ministry; all its rules look to that end, and those who seek any other object should also seek other means.

I believe in the inspiring presence and influence of the Infinite Spirit with holy-minded men and women of all ages and all nations, but that influence does not necessarily give them depth of judgment nor a far-reaching perception of the relations of things. Without doing any injustice to Confucius or Socrates, to Cincinnatus or Washington, to Theodore Parker or A. J. Davis, I think the moral grandeur of the death-scene on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago, stands unrivalled, yet,

unapproached except by imitation, in the annals of time. I am a *Christian*, and not an Apostle-Paulite.

Spiritualism has broadly thrown open a comparatively new field of activity and influence to woman, and for that I commend it heartily.

In labors of love, your brother, HIRAM A. REID.

## Religion in Natural Science.

The naturalist, or simple learner at the feet of God, who knows little of the quarrels which arbitrary assumptions of human governments and theological councils invariably produce, is of all classes of men, perhaps, the freest from the thralldom of institutions. With lofty and serene eye he beholds the magnificent structure of the great, eternal Spirit, the government which He institutes, and calls it good! Here is his everlasting Constitution, the only Code of Laws worthy of the reverence of his free-born soul—the altar, where like Linnaeus he studies flowers on bended knees, or like Newton gazes with awe on the remote heavens while he calculates their revolutions. Those enthusiastic geologists who go all over the world to trace the finger of God writing his laws on the succeeding strata, and who weep tears of gratitude, like children with new toys, looking up into their Father's smiling face—are truer worshippers than they who strain their logic to prove the wisdom of their creed. The natural sciences have done more to enlarge and elevate the reverence of mankind than the arbitrary institutions of Moses. They have opened the way to the DIRECT study of God's omnipotent intellect expressed in his immutable Book—the Constitution of the Universe. Naturalists generally have little sympathy with the sectarian cant of the churches.\* Being in constant communication with the Constitution of the Universe, they necessarily have but small reverence for the Constitution of the United States, and less still for an ancient New England catechism. They live on manlier food, and are not to be censured because they do not adore human organizations. They cannot reverse what is beneath them. It is contrary to the principle of gravitation.

The Church can claim but few men of natural science. Their minds are too expansive for the sphere of proselytism. Yet, as a general statement, such men are humane, and more tolerant of the Church than the Church is of them. They illustrate in themselves the principle of true progress—that the higher a man ascends in the scale of wisdom, the more readily will he own his kindred. True knowledge is liberalizing and reverential; but ignorance is the mother of intolerance, irreverence and bigotry.

\* We ought, perhaps, to except the "Harvard Professors."

† Again, in behalf of the "Professors" and the Church, we should say, that their tolerance is mutual.

! Imagine Jesus appearing, with senses unimpaired, and making a "call" on the Professors of that Institution, congratulating them for their Christianity and contempt of mediums! It is horrible!—Ed.

Without INDIVIDUALS there can be no permanent State.

## Where are They?

The bright summer days have come again. The singing birds, and dancing brooks are making the air melodious with their wild native songs. The flowers—the blessed flowers, greet us with their loving smiles, and remind us of a Father's love and tender care.

We love the freshness and beauty of this inspiring hour, and reverently bow before him who clothes the earth with such varied loveliness. But while we look out upon the earth, decked in robes of splendor and magnificence, we ask, Where are they who once gazed with us upon these enchanting scenes, and whose souls like our own drank in the inspiration that came to us on the evening breeze? Where are they whose voices ever fell pleasantly upon our ear; whose eyes met ours with expressions of love and holy affection? Where are the angels of the household; those little ones whose presence is ever needed to keep our hearts warm and childlike? We have waited in vain for the familiar footstep, the look of love, the entwining of little arms about our neck, for the repetition of endearing words; and the heart sometimes grows sick, in its loneliness, when the shadowy forms of the past flit before us; and the soul asks in all earnestness, Where are they?

Since the flowers bloomed last around our cottage door, since the birds last sat in the willow-boughs and warbled their sweet matin songs, we have stood by the bedside of one very dear to us; we have seen the cold perspiration gather upon the forehead; have pressed our lips to the marble brow; have seen the hands meekly folded upon the pulseless bosom; have felt how mysterious the change which had come over our friend. We have gone to the grave and seen the earthly form of our beloved one laid away to rest; have returned again to the home of the absent, wept in the now desolate chamber, and tearfully asked, Where art thou?

Oh, for the faith of the loving childlike heart! that can look up into the serene, smiling heavens and say, Our Father doeth all things well. Can we not lay our precious ones in his paternal arms, and feel that on the beautiful immortal shores, surrounded by good and holy angels, our departed rest in peace? Oh! our Father, give us more faith in thee, in thy all loving kindness. Help us to become more angel like—then we can say to the raging billows, "Peace, be still."

Where are they? Voices from heaven answer us. Like sweet music they come on the evening breeze, in the deep hush of night. They speak to our souls in tones so truthful, so convincing, that we feel that our beloved are *there*, and that they watch over us and love us still. We love to think of the starry realm, the immortal country, and would behold our departed ones dwelling in that mountain home, mingling with the

beautiful and the blest. We believe that the heavenly world is "just on the other side," and though in our waywardness we often wander from the soul's dear home, yet in the heart's deep sanctuary spirit voices are heard, and we feel that waiting hands are stretched forth to lead us up into the peaceful joys of the heavenly kingdom.

Thank God that they are there, safe from the surging billows which often overwhelmed them while here. Come, ye seraphic ones, and baptize our wayward hearts in the healing waters of your peaceful clime. From your mountain home let the heavenly breezes come, till our souls shall drink in that divine inspiration which shall fit us for the angel world.

H. N. G.

## Encouragements.

We shall endeavor to show our gratitude to those of our friends who have volunteered to aid us, by speaking truth, in love, and laboring the more earnestly for the Cause. The friend who paid us subscriptions for several persons in England, and also for a number of poor persons, and the friend who procured us six or eight subscribers, besides handing us \$25 without any "ifs or ands," shall be remembered otherwise than in print.

But especial acknowledgments are due to a few of the "laboring class," who out of their small treasure have subscribed, not only for themselves, but for those who are in need of light. With fifty cents of such money we can aid humanity more than with the ill-gotten wealth of Wall Street, or all the published donations to "Missionary" and "Tract Societies" in Christendom, because it is an *appeal* to humanity. Before we shall refuse to honor it above the "large charities" of the capitalist, wrung from the brow of honest labor, may our "right hand forget her working," and our "tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth," and the name of the son of Mary be blotted forever from the sanctuary of our heart's affections—its welcome home! We have called upon the "recording angel" to write down the names of such of our benefactors among those "who love their fellow-men."

Thanks for the interest of friend C., of Philadelphia, for the encouragements and suggestions of his private letters, and as he likes our "out-start," and the name "*Radical*" suits his ideas and taste," we hope he will be moved to write for the object suggested.

S. L. R——, of Springfield, is entitled to our gratitude because of his word for the lowly and the lost. We make a few extracts:—

"Sister,—I have had a number of the *Radical Spiritualist* handed me by a friend, and I am highly pleased with it; above all other features I like the interest it has



in the welfare of the Outcast. How quick does public opinion point the finger of scorn at us if we extend the hand of charity to a fallen sister. Those who stand high in the Church and public favor are the first to brand us with infamy and villainy, while they are ever ready to court the society of the seducer. We think you and your companion will do much good. He who dare come before the world and give to woman her selfhood, and let her retain her name, will not fail to make an impression on the mind of the public. We wish to link hands with you and that Man in the battle of earth—to hold converse with the souls of the good everywhere—those who are trying to rid this beautiful earth of vice and crime.

Be firm and mild, sister; walk the green earth unconscious of the ridicule of those who may feel above you in worldly or spiritual things; faint not, and the crown is yours, not a crown of gold, but a crown of the pure ether of God's Love.

I enclose a \$1 note," etc.

The *Spiritual Telegraph* (New York) says we talk "earnestly, radically, and well," but it does "not think Hopedale or Spiritualism needs any more papers." "It would be much better for the cause," it thinks, for Spiritualists to "rally around one or two," and make them "what they should be;" "scattered forces" are apt to be weak, and to "pander to popular errors in order to live." In regard to Hopedale we may say, modestly, that we do not propose to confine our labor to its vicinage, and that the *Practical Christian* has shown us a magnanimity, by its fair and open notice of our little sheet, and otherwise, which places it above the need of sympathy. We have never seen the first indication from its editor but that the "field was the world," as well to us as to him. And in regard to Spiritualism, we were not aware that it had made such progress! We seem to have entered the field too late. Behold, the harvest is finished! But the *Telegraph* omits to say what journal or journals it would have us support, or what assurance we have that "it, or they," would pander less to popular errors, if more widely circulated. Does every additional subscriber to that established paper make it more manly and firm against wrong? We have waited to see it.

We are obligated to the *Spiritual Age* (Boston), whose tolerant spirit we commend, for its notice of us. We shall remember it, and others, as often as we can.

## Beautiful Extract.

Sweeter, even, than the song of birds, or the rustling of leaves, or the monotone of the waves, or the continuous humming of the insect tribes, are the voices of the beloved, whom "Our Father" has permitted to gather about our paths. We perhaps never realize how precious to us are words of affection, uttered in soul-inspiring tones, until we listen in vain for their repetition; then, when the seal is set upon eloquent lips and the cunning harp within is broken, we say mournfully and regretfully, so much sweet music is lost to earth forever! Alas! for us, if we must wait for death to reveal to us how precious are the faithful companions of our daily life.

## VOICES TO YOUTH.

### Little Susie.

It was the last morning of the old year. Very pale was little Susie's mother, as with cold, almost frozen fingers, she set the last stitch in a garment, the avails of which would keep them from starving.

While the mother was finishing the work, little Susie looked out of the window, with her great blue eyes, and exclaimed: "O mother! see these dear little snow birds; God feeds them; surely he will not let us starve."

The mother smiled faintly. She felt rebuked by the beautiful faith of her child. "Yes, dear Susie, God will provide for us; we will trust him still."

"Oh mother, I am so hungry," said a little sister, who had scarcely seen three winters.

Susie went to the corner of the room from whence the voice proceeded. On a pallet of straw lay the little one, half famished with hunger. Susie whispered very low in her ear, and a sickly smile played over the child's wan features.

Early in the afternoon Susie started with the bundle of work, for the mansion of Mr. A——s. So hopeful was she that she saw in imagination the silver dollar which would make them all so happy on New Year's Day.

It was a long way that Susie had to travel; very cold were her gloveless fingers, and bitterly did the North winds pierce her weary limbs. But the mansion is at last reached. Susie ascended the marble steps, and rang the bell. With an air of condescension, Mrs. A. took the card and critically examined it. "It will do," she said, carelessly; "I will pay you for the work next week."

Susie moved not. She thought of her suffering mother—her half starved sister—and stammered out faintly: "Oh! if you could give me only half of the pay; my mother and little sister are very hungry."

Colder than adamant was that fashionable lady's heart, as she motioned Susie away. Tearfully the child descended the steps which led into the street. As she did so, she met a little boy, fair and beautiful. The child of affluence paused as he beheld the distressed looking girl. "What is the matter?" asked the tender hearted boy.

Susie told in a few words her sad story. The dreamy eyes of the boy filled with tears. "Here!" he exclaimed, "take this." Father has just given it to me for a New Year's present to spend as I please; so I will give it to you." Susie hesitated, but the boy was in earnest.

Never did the child of affluence know such joy as Susie experienced, when she entered the low, miserable garret, which she called home. Grateful tears were shed by the widowed mother as she took within her withered palm the five dollar gold piece. "Surely," she exclaimed, "God has not forgotten us."

H. N. G.

"If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more."

## Dyspeptic's Corner.

## Decidedly Rich.

One of the parvenu ladies of our village, who would be wonderfully aristocratic in all domestic matters, was visiting a few days since at Mr. G——'s, (all know the old Major,) when, after tea, the following conversation occurred between the Major's excellent old fashioned lady and the "top-knot," in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the table.

Mrs.—— "Why Mrs.——! you do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table? It's horrible."

Mrs. G.—— "Most certainly I do. You know that this has ever been my practice. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?"

This was a cooler to silk and satin greatness, or, as the boys call it, the codfish aristocracy. And after coloring and stammering she answered in a very low voice, "Yes, I b-e-l-i-e-v-e i-t w-a-s," and "sloped."

HAS ANY ONE SEEN A STRAY CLERGYMAN? J. S. Holland of Pembroke, Christian county, Ky., offers a reward of one hundred and fifty dollars for the capture and return to him of Thomas Whitlock, a Methodist preacher, twenty-eight years old, and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds—whom the said Holland claims to be his property. If caught in a free State the reward is to be but one hundred dollars. If anybody sees a stray clergyman about, they will know what to do with him. Or perhaps the last few words should read—Will they know what to do with him? *Ch'n Freeman.*

A RENOWNED CLERGYMAN lately preached rather a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said:—"That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you're weighed, pass out!" He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

THE GREAT REFORMER.—An eminent American divine, in addressing some students, said, "I am glad that Luther had a good digestion, as well as a great soul, for the reformation would have been delayed had he been a dyspeptic."

"PATRICK MALONEY, what do you say to the indictment, are you guilty or not guilty? "Arrah! musha, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the ividence?"

When the *Banner of Liberty* copies articles from the Boat, why don't it credit them to the paper instead of signing them *Hacker*?

Every week I see articles from the Boat copied into other papers, without credit. No more pilfering, gentlemen, for we have sat a watch on deck, to look after such chaps, and have a spare baggage-room for their accommodation.—*Portland Pleasure Boat.*

"How do you feel with such a shocking looking coat on?" said a young clerk of more pretensions than brains, one morning. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily, with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim, "I feel, young man, as if I had on a coat which has been paid for—a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience."

SIDNEY SMITH once said, at an aristocratic party, that, "a man to know how bad he is, must become poor; to know how bad other people are, he must become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles."

IF A MAN fails to the amount of a million, it is all right; but let him fail to the amount of his board bill, and he is a rascal.

A CLERGYMAN of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no services in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate with another clergyman. The clerk, as soon as services were ended, called out, "I am desired to give notice that there will be no services this afternoon, as Mr. L——, is going a fishing with another clergyman."

The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. "Twas horrible to look upon."

"Well, Pompey, what business do you follow?" "O sar isc—wal isc just shave notes for a livin'." "Shave notes, why it takes money to do that." "Yes sar—but isc just shaves my own notes, cause I don't pay nothing."

A COMPLICATION OF DISORDERS. "Of what disease did your father die?" asked one friend of another, after having exchanged the common salutations of meeting. "Of a complication of disorders," he replied. "Why," said he, "how do you describe this complication?" "He died," answered the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary and a surgeon."

"The man who does most, has the least time to talk about what he does."